

The Mirror

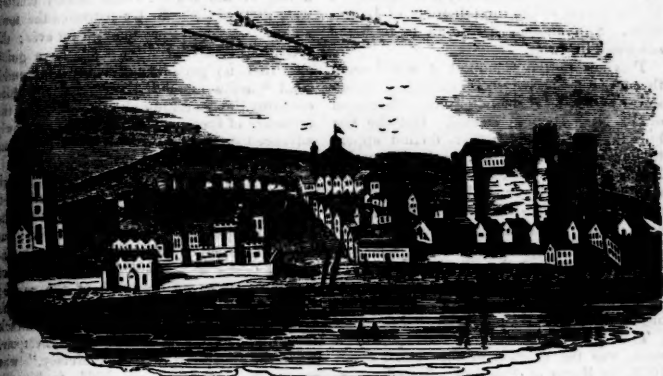
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 884.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1838.

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ANTIQUITIES OF LIVERPOOL.



LIVERPOOL IN 1650.



PRINCE RUPERT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, LIVERPOOL.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

The history of Liverpool is interesting, mainly from the extraordinary rapidity with which it has risen to a degree of splendour and importance, without precedent in the annals of any commercial country; or from a fishing village, to be the second port in the United Kingdom.

The derivation of the name Liverpool has

Vol. XXXI.

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given rise to much discussion; and is yet involved in uncertainty. The popular opinion is, that it is derived from a fabulous bird called a *Liver*, which accordingly figures in the arms of the town. But, in the ancient seal of the corporation, the bird which holds an olive-branch in its bill, is evidently a *Dove*, and not a *Liver*: this opinion is, therefore, without the slightest foundation. Another hypothesis derives the name from the ancient

family of *Lever*, (who held extensive possessions in this part of the country,) and from the *Mersey*, which formerly spread out into a *pool* that covered nearly all the ground on which the south part of the town now stands. It is certain that the name was formerly written *Leverpoole*, or *Lyrpöle*; and by this latter appellation only it is still known by the people in the rural districts of Lancashire. Still another derivation is from the sea-weed, *liverwort*.

Previous to the Conquest it would seem that a few fishermen had established themselves here; for, immediately after, the chapel of St. Nicholas was erected. But the few huts thus clustered together, do not appear to have borne any name; for in *Domesday Book*, where the possessions of *Uctred*, afterwards given to *Roger de Poitiers*, are enumerated, the whole district is called *Esma-dune*; and while *Everton*, *Garstans*, and *Buncorn* are mentioned, not the slightest reference is made to the village of *Leverpool*. The inference is plain: it was then only a nameless cluster of miserable cottages, standing on the banks of the *Mersey*.

The first approach to anything like a town, was the erection of the castle, about 1076, by *Roger de Poitiers*. This fortress, which stood on the ground occupied by *St. George's Church*, had the effect, in those unsettled times, of drawing inhabitants from the surrounding country, who resorted thither, not only to dispose of their commodities, for which the castle offered a ready market, but for the sake of that protection which a fortified place was calculated to afford. We find, accordingly, that soon after this, the village had increased in size, and had assumed the name of *Lyrpöle*, or *Leverpool*, in 1089.

The first charter was granted to the town by *Henry I.*, in 1129; but the event which first secured to *Liverpool* any permanent commercial advantages, was the conquest of *Ireland* by *Henry II.* in 1172. The importance of the port of *Liverpool*, arising from its relative situation to *Ireland*, was quickly seen, and taken advantage of. Merchants began to settle themselves in the village; and it became the channel through which troops and military stores were conveyed to the newly-conquered country.* It was now taken under the immediate protection of the sovereign: a charter was granted to it by the king in 1173, which is still in existence, and houses were erected for the convenience of the royal merchants. The rudiments of commerce began to show themselves: iron, charcoal, woollen cloth, armour, horses, and dogs, were exported to *Ireland*; and linen cloth, yarn, fish, and hides, were received in

* It should be remarked here, that in the conquest of *Ireland*, the men of *Lancashire* had a great share: considerable levies, if not the principal ones, being drawn from the southern part of the county.

return. In 1207, another charter was granted to the town by *King John*, which states that "all who have taken burgage houses at *Lyrpöle* shall have all the liberties and free customs in the town of *Lyrpöle*, which any other free borough upon the sea has in our territories;" and, in 1211, 1216, and 1227, for a fine of ten marks, three further charters were granted: the first constitutes the town and corporation a free borough for ever; the second directs that there shall be a guild, and that no person, unless of that guild, shall "make merchandize;" and the third confirms the preceding charters. Under the influence of these privileges, *Liverpool* slowly advanced in prosperity, and began to assume a greater degree of importance.

About this period, the old tower, which formerly stood at the bottom of *Water-street*, (the castellated building on the left of the cut,) is supposed to have been erected; but by whom is uncertain. It was, probably, intended either as a residence for the lord of the town, or as an outguard of the castle; the town being then entirely open to the river, and consequently exposed to the attack of an enemy. The manor of "Liverpole, with the passage over the *Mersey*," was given by *Henry III.*, in 1264, to his son *Edmund*, Earl of *Lancaster*; it having been forfeited, along with other estates, by *Robert de Ferrers*, Earl of *Derby*. *Edmund* was succeeded in his lordship by his son *Thomas*, who was beheaded, and his honours forfeited; but these were subsequently restored to *Henry*, his youngest son, in 1327. In the regular course of descent, the lordship of *Liverpool* passed to *Blanch*, wife of *John of Gaunt*, and in the person of his son, *Henry IV.*, became the property of the crown. By this monarch it was conferred upon *Sir John Stanley*; and in recompense for his great services, he was permitted, in 1406, to fortify his stone tower, the castellated building referred to.

During the lordship of *Edmund*, Earl of *Lancaster*, A. D. 1272, there were in the town one hundred and sixty-eight burgages, which shows that it had arisen to some degree of prosperity: and in the succeeding reigns this prosperity appears to have increased. The state of the town, however, from the commencement of the fourteenth to the sixteenth century, is scarcely known. There are no records remaining to furnish the particulars of its history, and all that can be gathered from the annals of that period is a meagre chronological notice of occurrences. In 1309, a charter was granted by *Henry IV.* In 1325, the family of *More*, or *De-la-More*, began to acquire influence in the town, which afterwards rose to a great height: in that year, *Sir William de la More*, of *Bank Hall*, was made knight-banneret by *Edward the Black Prince*, for his valour on the field

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of Poitiers. In 1326, Edward III. granted a charter to Liverpool; and the same monarch, in his expedition against France, in 1338, required the town to furnish him with "one small vessel, manned by six mariners." In 1360, St. Nicholas's church was rebuilt; and the next year a plague raged in the town, and carried off the greater part of the inhabitants. Richard II., in 1390, granted a charter to the town; and, in 1398, it is remarked that "Thomas de la More of Bank Hall, had been twelve times mayor of Liverpool." To this person, in conjunction with three others, John of Gaunt, that same year, granted the whole of "Liverpool Commons." In the year 1424, an event occurred, which strongly marks the unsettled nature of those times. The family of Stanley occupied the tower, while the Molyneux held the office of constable of the castle: a feud arose between the two, from what cause is unknown, which at length attained to such a height, that the contending parties had recourse to arms, and "there was great rumor and congregation of suites" between them. In the written account sent by the justices, "Ralph of Ratcliffe, and James of the Holts," to "Maister Troutbeck, Chancellor of our Lord the King," it is stated that "Thomas of Stanley had two thousand men, and more;" and that "Sir Richard of Molyneux" came "with great congregations, riots, and great multitudes of people, to slea and beat the said Thomas, his men, and servants."

When we reach the 15th century, the history of the town begins to assume something like a regular form. Previous to this period, there is little that can be depended upon; the record of a few occurrences of minor importance being all that occupies the track of centuries. From some causes hitherto unexplained, but with which the troubles in Ireland seem to be closely connected, the town had, in the reign of Elizabeth, lost importance considerably. At this time it was customary for the Earl of Derby, as lord of the manor, to appoint one member of parliament, while the chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster nominated the other; and the two individuals so appointed, were afterwards "reverently and worshipfully elected" by the mayor, bailiffs, and burgesses. Such was the boasted "freedom of election" in the days gone by!

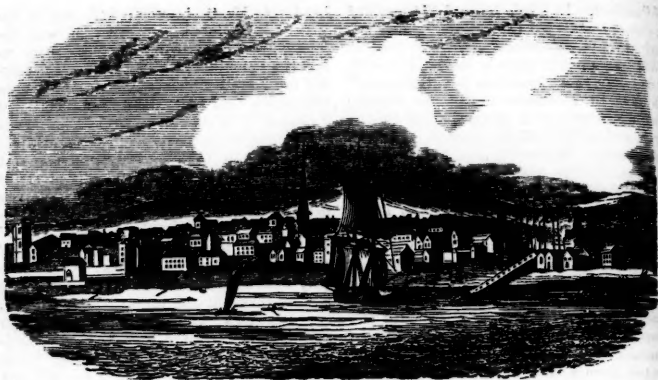
In the year 1566, one of the members for Liverpool was Mr. Rauff Seekerston, an important and bustling personage. Four years previous to this time, we find him riding post to London, to "take the pleasure" of "the old Earle of Derby," respecting the nomination of a member; the election having been delayed beyond the proper time by waiting for his appointment. The result of this embassy was, that "his lordship being well pleased with the town," gave the mem-

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bership to Mr. Seekerston; and one of the first good offices performed by him, was the presentation of a petition to the queen, respecting the decayed state of the town, praying for her majesty's assistance. This supplication is said in the record, to have been "devised by Master Rauff Seekerston, of his own politic wit and wisdom; and fair written by a notary or clerk of the court, that cost him 8*d*. the writing." The petition states that "all the liberties and franchises given to us by your majesty's progenitors, is from us, your poor tenants, clearly taken away." It calls the town "your majesty's decayed town of Liverpool," and says: "your majesty hath a castle and two chauntries clear; the fee-farms of the town; the ferry boat; two windmills; the custom of the duchy; and the new custom of tonnage and poundage;" and it concludes by praying "that your majesty, for your own sake, will not suffer us to be utterly cast away." This document plainly shows that some causes had led not only to a decline in the prosperity of the town, but to a suspension of its liberties; while it shows as plainly that "at its best estate," Liverpool was only a tolerably sized village.

The town records do not expressly state that any benefit arose out of this supplication; but we think the fact may be taken for granted, since a few years after this, we find the mayor and aldermen standing in the open air, in presence of the people, drinking "sacke and other white wyne," and "lauding and praising God" for the queen's prosperous reign. The whole account is so characteristic of the spirit of the age, that we shall make no apology for introducing it entire:

1576. "Thys yere, ye 17th daye of November, and enteringe upon the 18th yere of ye raigne of oure moste graciouse Sovraigne ladie Elizabeth, by the grac. of God, quene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of ye faythe, &c., &c.; Mr. Thomas Bavaude beinge, Mair of this her Maties corporation and porte towne of Lirpole, in the countie of Lancr, caused in the same in ye eveninge, a greate bone-fyre to be maide in the marquet place, near to ye hye crosse of same towne: and another anendest hys owne doore gyinge warninge yt everie householder should doe ye lyke througoute ye towne, weh was done accordinglie. And immedietlie after caused to call together hys brethren, th' aldermen, and divers others of the burgesses of ye same towne, and soe wente altogether to the house of Mr. Raphe Buracough, alderman, where they banquetted a c'teine tyme, weh done M. Mair dep'ted to hys owne house, accompanied by ye said aldermen and others, a greate number: upon whom he dyd bestowe sacke and other whyte wyne and sugar lyberallie, standinge all



LIVERPOOL IN 1720.

without ye dore lawdinge and praisinge God for ye moste prosperous raigne of oure said moste gracioussoveraigne ladie, the quene's moste excellent matie; whom God graunt longe over us to raigne wth greate tranquillitie and victorious successe over all her grace enemies. And soe appointinge his bailiffe and other officer to see the fyres quenched, dep'ted in." We do not now see mayors and aldermen distributing white wine and sugar, "without the dore." Our modern authorities have come to the conclusion, that pleasure like charity ought both to begin and end at home.

The number of vessels at this time belonging to the town was about twenty, most of them small barks, or employed in the coasting trade. There were 138 regular householders within the liberties, and these inhabited six streets only:—Chapel-street, Water-street, Tythebarn-street, Dale-street, High-street, and Old Hall-street. In this reign, (A. D. 1566,) proclamation was made in Liverpool of the first lottery mentioned in English history; a common council was elected by the burgesses; and beer and ale were ordered to be sold at one penny per quart.

The town next bore a part in the furnishing of soldiers for the reduction of the Irish insurgents, as the following entries testify:—

"Order relative to the muster of soldiers, ordered in March, 1566-7.—A Procl.—Everie one must have a cassock of blue watchet Yorkshire cloth, garded with two small gards, stitched with two stitches of blue apiece; a very good yew bow, and a sheaf of arrows in case; a red cap, a stag or stych buckskin jerkin, a sword dagger, and to have 13s. 4d. in his purse.

"Walton Parishe must furnish Wm. Ly-

dell with a harquebus, the charge whereof is 64s., E.

"To be at Lathom before my Lord, the 19th of this March.

"In the time of this March, the footmen soldiers of Darby hundred, Salford hundred, Layland, and Norths, repaired to this town, and from hence were sent to Chester, and there mustered: the most part toke shipping for the North of Ireland at this time, and were shipped."

From this period to the time of the Civil Wars, but few events of general interest occur in the history of the town. That it continued to increase in wealth and importance, is evident from the attention paid to it by the successive sovereigns and parliaments.

During the Civil War, in the reign of Charles I., Liverpool was defended for the Parliamentarians by Colonel Moore, against Prince Rupert, by whom it was besieged; and to whom, after an obstinate resistance, it was surrendered, June 26, 1644; but, it was soon after retaken by the Parliament. The second engraving represents the remains of the head-quarters of Prince Rupert.

The Naturalist.

FROGS.

MR. HOLME, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in the spring of last year, read a paper on the formation and habits of British aquatic *Coleoptera*, which are comprehended in the sections *Hydracolephaga* and *Philhidrida* of Macleay; and exhibited specimens, showing the voracity of the species of the genus *Dytiscus*, and concluded by drawing the attention of the Society to the question, whether the mole cricket is able to swim, which Mr.

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Curtis thinks probable from the resistance which the thorax and elytra offer to water. A paper was read by P. B. Duncan, Esq., on animal transformations; in the course of which he treated of the development of the mammalia of insects, of birds, of crustacea, and of reptiles, more particularly of the genus *Rana*. A very large tadpole, from South America (that of the *Rana paradoxa*), was exhibited. This species in the tadpole state has so large a tail as to deceive unscientific observers, and lead them to conceive, when nearly transformed, that it is a mixed animal between a fish and a frog.

Frogs.—When the animal is about six weeks old, the hind legs appear, and, in about a fortnight, these are succeeded by the fore legs. Not long after the form is completed, and then it ventures upon land. They now change their vegetable for animal food, of worms and slugs. The structure of the tongue is admirably adapted for seizing and securing their prey. The root is attached to the fore part of the mouth, so that when unemployed it lies with the tip towards the throat. The animal by this contrivance is enabled to bend it a considerable distance out of the mouth, and swallows larger animals than could be conceived. They appear in immense numbers. Ray states that acres are covered with them. Hearne says, in Hudson's Bay they are frozen, and the limbs may be broken like a stick without any apparent sensation in the animal: they soon, however, revive with heat; but, if frozen again, they die. Their organs of respiration are curious; their two nostrils are in the upper part of the head; they are always seen with the mouth shut. The mouth seems to form a sort of bellows, of which the nostrils are the air-holes. Frogs live on land the greater part of the year, and do not retire to the water till the cold nights of October, when they retreat for the winter to the bottom of stagnant pools. They arrive at full age in about five years, and are supposed to live about twelve or fifteen. They are so tenacious of life, that they will continue to live, and will even jump about, several hours after their heads have been cut off. The hind legs of frogs are fricasseed, and their fore legs and livers put in soup, on the Continent. The edible frog is considerably larger than the common frog, and, though rare in England, is common in Italy, France, and Germany. They are brought from the country to Vienna, 3,000 and 4,000 at a time, and sold to the great dealers, who have conservatories for them. There are only three great dealers in them at Vienna. They are caught at night by means of lights and nets, or hooks baited with worms: in Switzerland, by long rakes, with close-set teeth, which are thrown into the water, and drawn suddenly out again.—*Oxford Herald, in the Lit. Gaz.*

The Contemporary Traveller.

TWO ATTEMPTS TO ASCEND CHIMBORAZO.

(Concluded from page 165.)

THAT part of our expedition which lay above the snow-line, had lasted only three and a-half hours, during which, notwithstanding the tenuity of the air, we had not found it needful to take rest by sitting down. The diameter of the dome-shaped summit at the snow-line—i. e. at the height of 2,460 toises—amounts to 3,437 toises, and near the apex, about 150 toises below the same, the diameter is 672 toises. The last number is thus the diameter of the upper part of the dome or bell; the first expresses the breadth, of which the whole snow-mass of Chimborazo appears to the eye, as seen from Rio Nuevo; a mass which, together with the two mountain tops lying to the north, is represented in the 16th and 25th table of my engraved work *Vues des Cordillères*. I have carefully measured with the sextant, the single parts of the contour, as the latter, on a clear day, magnificently stands forth in opposition to the deep blue of a tropical sky. Such observations assist in thoroughly exploring the volume of this colossus, in so far as it surmounts a plain, in which Bouguer performed his experiments on the attraction of the mountain for a pendulum. A distinguished geognost, M. Pentland, to whom we are indebted for a knowledge of the heights of Sorata and Illimani, and who, furnished with excellent instruments for astronomical and physical research, is now again going to upper Peru (Bolivia) has assured me, that my figure of Chimborazo is, as it were, repeated in the Nevado de Chuquibambá, a trachyte mountain of the Western Cordilleras, north of Arequipa, having a height of 19,680 feet (3,280 toises). Next to the Himalayan mountains, this is, owing to the frequency of high summits and the mass of the same, between the 15th and 18th degree of south latitude the greatest enlargement on the earth's surface, with which we are acquainted, in so far, namely, as this enlargement proceeds, not from the primitive form of the revolving planet, but from the elevation of mountain-chains and single domes of dolerite, trachyte, and albite rock, within these mountain-chains.

On account of the snow newly-fallen, we found in our descent from Chimborazo, the lower limit of perpetual snow, in accidental and temporary conjunction with the deeper sporadical spots of snow on the naked lichen-covered rocks, and on the grass plain (Pajonal); yet it was always easy to recognise the proper limit of perpetual snow (then at the height of 2,470 toises) by the thickness of the bed and by its peculiar state. I have shown, in another place (in a treatise on the causes which conditionate the curvature of

isothermal lines incorporated into one of the *fragnens Asiatique*), that in the province of Quito, the differences in height of the snow-line on the different *Nevados*, according to the sum-total of my measurements, varies only about 38 toises,—that the mean height itself is to be reckoned 14,760 feet, or 2,460 toises, and that this limit in Bolivia, 16° to 18° south of the equator, on account of the relation of the mean annual temperature to the mean temperature of the hottest months, on account of the mass, extent, and greater height of the surrounding heat-radiating plateaus, on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, and the complete absence of any falling snow between March and November, lies at a height of full 26,780 toises. The lower limit of perpetual snow, which by no means coincides with the isothermal curve of 0°, rises consequently higher, as an exception, instead of falling, as one recedes from the equator. From quite analogous causes of the radiation of heat in neighbouring table-lands, the snow-line lies between 30½° and 31° of northern latitude, on the northern Thibet side of the Himalayan range, at the height of 2,600 toises; while on the southern Indian side, it reaches the height of only 1,950 toises. Through this remarkable influence of the shape of the earth's surface, a considerable part of inner Asia, beyond the Tropics, is inhabited by an agricultural population, who, though monk-governed, have advanced in civilization; where in South America, under the equator, the ground is covered with eternal ice.

We took a somewhat more northern way back to the village of Calpi than the Llanas de Sigum, through the Paramo de Pungupala, a district rich in plants. By five o'clock in the evening we were again with the friendly clergyman of Calpi. As usual, the misty day of the expedition was succeeded by the clearest weather. On the 25th of June, at Riobamba Nuevo, Chimborazo presented itself in all its splendour,—I may say in the calm greatness and supremacy which is the natural character of the tropical landscape. A second attempt upon a ride interrupted by a chasm, would certainly have turned out as fruitless as the first, and I was already engaged with the trigonometrical measurement of the volcano of Tungurahua.

Boussingault, on the 16th of December, 1831, with his English friend, Colonel Hall, —who was soon afterwards assassinated in Quito,—made a new attempt to reach the summit of Chimborazo, first from Mocha and Chillapulli, then from Arenal, thus by a different way from that trodden by Bonpland, Don Carlos Montufar, and myself. He was obliged to give up the ascent, when his barometer indicated 13 inches 8½ lines, with an atmospheric temperature of +7°·8 (+46°·04 F.). He thus saw the uncorrected column of

mercury almost three lines lower, and reached a point 64 toises higher than I did, viz. 3,080 toises. Let us have the words of this well-known traveller of the Andes, who was the first to carry a chemical apparatus to, and into, the craters of volcanoes. "The way," says Boussingault, "which we opened for ourselves through the snow, in the latter part of our expedition, permitted of our advancing but very slowly. On the right we were enabled to grasp hold of a rock, on the left the abyss was fearful. We were already sensible of the effect of the attenuated air, and were obliged, every two or three steps to sit down. As soon, however, as we were seated, we again stood up, for our sufferings lasted only while we moved. The snow we were obliged to tread was soft, and lay three or four inches deep, on a very smooth and hard covering of ice. We were obliged to hew out steps. A Negro went before, to perform this work, by which his powers were soon exhausted. As I was endeavouring to pass him, for the purpose of relieving him, I slipped, and happily was held back by Colonel Hall and my Negro. We were (adds M. Boussingault) for a moment all three in the greatest danger. Further on, the snow became more favourable, and at three quarters past three o'clock we stood upon the long-looked-for ridge of rock, which was only a few feet broad and surrounded by immeasurable depths. Here we became convinced that to advance further was impossible. We found ourselves at the foot of a prism of rock, whose upper surface, covered with a cap of snow, forms the proper summit of Chimborazo. To have a true figure of the topography of the whole mountain, one must imagine an enormous snow-covered mass of rock, which from all sides appears as if supported by buttresses. The latter are the ridges, which, adherent, project through the eternal snow." The loss of a natural philosopher like Boussingault, would have been indescribably dearly-bought with the little gain which undertakings of this sort can afford to science.

Although, thirty years ago, I expressed the wish that the height of Chimborazo might be again trigonometrically measured, there yet remains some uncertainty as to the absolute result. Don Jorge Juan and the French Academicians, after different combinations of the same elements, or at least after operations, the whole of which were in common, give the heights of 3,380 and 3,217 toises; heights which present a difference of 1·20th. The result of my trigonometrical operation (3,350 T.) falls between them, but approaches to within 1·112th of the Spanish estimate. Bouguer's lesser result is founded in part at least, upon the height of the city of Quito, which he estimated at thirty to forty toises too low. He gives, according to old barometric formula, without correction for the

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temperature, the height of 1,462, instead of 1,507 and 1,492 toises, the very accordant results, respectively of Boussingault's observations and my own. The height at which I estimate the plain of Tapia, where I measured a base of 873 toises in length,* also appears to be pretty free from error. I found the same to be 1,482 toises: and Boussingault, at a very different season of the year, and thus with other diminutions of temperature in the atmospheric strata, 1,471 toises. Bouguer's operation was, on the other hand, very complicated, as he was obliged to estimate the height of the valley-plan, between the eastern and western Andes, by means of very small angles of height of the trachyte-pyramid of Illinisa, measured in the under-region of the coast. The only considerable mountain of the earth, of which the measurements now agree within 1-246th, is Mont Blanc; for Monte Rosa was, with four different series of triangles by an excellent observer, the astronomer *Carlini*, estimated at 2,319, 2,343, 2,357, and 2,374 toises; by *Oriani*, likewise by triangulation, at 2,390 toises; differences of 1-34th. The oldest detailed mention of Chimborazo, I find to be that of the spirited, somewhat satirical, Italian traveller, *Giro-lamo Benzoni*, whose work was printed in 1665. He says, that the *Montagna di Chimbo*, 40 *miglia* high, appeared to him strangely *come una visione*. The natives of Quito knew, long before the arrival of the French surveyors, that Chimborazo was the highest snow-mountain in all their country. They saw that it ascended highest above the line of perpetual snow. It was just this consideration that induced them to consider the now fallen in *Capac Urcu* as higher than Chimborazo.

Regarding the geognostical constitution of Chimborazo, I here add only the general remark, that if, according to the important results which *Leopold Von Buch* has laid down in his classical memoir, "On craters of elevation and volcanoes,"† *Trachyte* is a mass containing *Felspar*, and *Andesite* a mass with imbedded *Albite*; the rock of Chimborazo is by no means deserving of either name. That in Chimborazo, *Augite* replaces *Hornblende*, the same intelligent geognost observed, more than twenty years ago, when I requested him to examine, oryctognostically and with precision, the rocks brought home by me from the Andes. This fact has been mentioned in several parts of my "*Essai geognostique sur le Gisement des Rochers dans les deux Hémisphères*," which appeared in the year 1823. Besides this, my Siberian travelling companion, *Gustav. Rose*, who, by his excellent work on the minerals related to

felspar, and their association with *augite* and *hornblende*, has opened new ways for geognostical research, finds in all my collection of mountain-fragments from Chimborazo neither *albite* nor *felspar*. The whole formation of this celebrated summit of the Andes, consists of *labradorite* and *augite*; both fossils recognisable in distinct crystals. *Chimborazo* is, according to the nomenclature of *Gustav. Rose*, an *augite-porphry*, a species of *dolerite*. *Obsidian* and *pumice-stone* are also wanting in it. *Hornblende* occurs very sparingly. *Chimborazo* is thus, as taught by *Leopold Von Buch's* and *Elie de Beaumont's* latest decisions, analogous in its rock to *Etna*. With the ruins of the old city of *Riobamba*, three geographical miles east of *Chimborazo*, there is associated true *diorite-porphry*, a mixture of black *hornblende* (without *augite*) and white glassy *albite*, a rock which reminds one of the beautiful columnar masses of *Pisoje* near *Popayan*, and of the Mexican volcano of *Toluca*; which also, I ascended. Some of the pieces of *augite-porphry*, which I found as high up as 18,000 feet upon the ridge of rock leading towards the summit, for the most part in loose pieces, of from twelve to fourteen inches in diameter, are minutely porous, and red in colour. These pieces have shining vesicular cavities. The blackest are sometimes light, like *pumice-stones*, and as if recently changed by fire. They have not, however, flown in streams like lava, but have probably been thrust out through fissures, on the side of the earlier raised-up dome-shaped mountain. The whole table-land of the province of Quito has always been considered by me as a great volcanic area. *Tungurahua*, *Cotopaxi*, *Pichincha*, with their craters, are only different openings of this area. If volcanism, in the broadest sense of the word, marks all the appearances which depend on the reaction of the interior of a planet on its oxydized surface, this part of the high land is more exposed than any other in the tropical region of South America, to the effect of this volcanism. The volcanic powers rage also, under the domes of *augite-porphry*, which, like that of *Chimborazo*, have no crater. Three days after our expedition, we heard, in New *Riobamba*, at one o'clock A.M., a raging subterranean crash (*bramido*) that was accompanied by no concussion. Three hours later, there followed a violent earthquake, without any preceding noise. Similar *bramidos*, coming, as it is supposed, from *Chimborazo*, were perceived some days before at *Calpi*. Nearer to this mountain-Colossus, in the village of *San Juan*, they are extremely frequent. They excite the attention of the natives no more, than distant thunder out of a deeply-clouded sky does in our northern zone.

These are the few fugitive remarks on

* *Humboldt*, Recueil d'observations astronomiques, d'operations trigonometriques, etc. T. I. p. lxxii.

† *Poggendorff's Annalen*, Band. 37. S. 188—190. Also *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, for translation of this memoir.

two ascents of Chimborazo, which I have allowed myself to communicate from an unprinted journal. Where Nature is so mighty and so vast, and our endeavours are purely scientific, the exhibition of any ornament in language may well be spared.

Manners and Customs.

PAWNBROKING.—MONTS DE PIÉTÉ.

[A BENEVOLENT Correspondent of the *Dublin Advertiser*, who is humanely making exertions to amend the pawnbroking system in Ireland, has lately written a long letter to the above journal, in which are the following curious details.]

Having visited several of the charitable institutions in Paris within the last six months, I was particularly struck with the great advantages of that admirable establishment, the Mont de Piété; and with a view to bring the system into operation in the north of Ireland, I devoted some time to making myself acquainted with its management in all the details. I there learned for the first time, that Mr. Barrington, of Lime-riek, had established a Mont de Piété in that city; and I have lately had an opportunity of learning from that gentleman himself that the plan has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations.

To Mr. Barrington I am indebted for much of the following information which I am permitted to use. His pamphlet is indeed worthy the attention of every friend of the poor.

The first institution of this kind may be traced to a period immediately preceding the Christian era. The Emperor Augustus, early in his reign, created a fund from the confiscated property of criminals, for lending to the poor on pledges, which were double the value of the sum required, but without interest. Tiberius also created a fund, and gave loans for a period of three years, on landed security of double the value of the loan. Alexander Severus lent to the poor without interest, for the purpose of purchasing land, to be paid by instalments from the produce of their industry.

This example in ancient times was followed in modern Italy, where they received every encouragement from the Popes of Rome. It is unnecessary to mention the various places and dates of their successive establishments, further than to state, that in the fifteenth century there were great numbers of them opened with the most beneficial results. A long and warm contest existed between the Franciscans and Dominicans, the latter opposing them as illegal and usurious, the former ably defending them; but the matter was set at rest by Pope Leo X., in the tenth sitting of the Council of Lateran, which declared lending houses to be legal

and useful, which was subsequently confirmed by a decree of the Council of Trent.

For some time there was much difficulty in establishing them out of Italy; Protestants were unwilling to imitate any institution originating at the court of Rome. This absurdity was fortunately abandoned; and, in 1568, one was established at Amsterdam by the magistrates, at the recommendation of William, Prince of Orange.

The Mont de Piété at Paris was established in 1777, by a royal ordinance of Louis XVI.; and it was so successful that it often had in its possession forty casks of gold watches that were pledged.

Buonaparte, by the code Napoleon, 1804, further regulated these establishments in France, enacting, "That no house of loan or security can be established, but to the profit of the poor and with the approbation of government;" and declared that the object of these institutions should be to lower the interests to the poor and turn the profits to the hospitals.

Monts de Piété were soon established in every part of France; and, at Bourdeaux, the money raised as a capital was paid off by the fructification of the funds, which, pending the whole of this period, paid eight per cent. on the original fund, and supported all the necessary charities at Bourdeaux. From the same fund, with the assistance of some donations, the hospital of that city, said to be the finest in Europe, has been lately completed and endowed.

The principle on which these institutions are formed is to relieve the temporary wants of the poor by advances of money upon pledges, securing them from rapacious and usurious exactions; and that the profits, after defraying the expenses and paying the interest of the capital employed, should become a fund for the class of persons from whom they are derived, and appropriated to their maintenance and support when sickness and disease prevent their pursuing their ordinary occupations.

In those countries, pawnbroking is prohibited, except at the Monts de Piété. To them the poor man goes with perfect confidence that he will receive a fair value on the article deposited, that no advantage will be taken either of his ignorance or necessity, and that he is contributing to a fund which will comfort and relieve him in the day of distress and adversity.

In the British dominions alone are individuals allowed to lend money on pledges, exclusively for private advantage.

Retrospective Cleanings.

WHIMSICAL PUNISHMENT.

[The following account of an extraordinary punishment inflicted on two noblemen for

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an assault, which ended in the death of a hermit—is quoted in *Belcher's Illustrations of the Whitby and Pickering Railway*, lately published.]

A True Account of the Murder of the Monk of Whitby, by William de Bruce, Lord of Uglebarnby, Ralph de Percy, Lord of Sneton, and Allatson, a Freeholder: with the Monk's penance laid upon them, to be performed on Ascension Eve, every year, otherwise to forfeit their lands to the Abbot of Whitby.

In the fifth year of the reign of King Henry the Second, after the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy, the Lord of Uglebarnby, then called William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneton, called Ralph de Percy, with a gentleman and freeholder, called Allatson, did, on the 16th day of October, 1159, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desert place belonging to the Abbot of Whitby; the place's name was Eskdale-side, the Abbot's name was Sedman. Then these gentlemen being met, with their hounds and boar-staves, in the place before mentioned, and there having found a great wild boar, the hounds run him well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale-side, where was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar being very sorely pursued, and dead run, took in at the chapel door, there laid him down and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditations and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood, being put behind their game, followed the cry of their hounds, and so came to the hermitage, calling on the hermit, who opened the door and came forth, and within they found the boar lying dead; for which the gentlemen in great fury, because their hounds were put from their game, did most violently and cruelly run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereby he soon after died. Thereupon the gentlemen perceiving and knowing that they were in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough. But at that time, the Abbot being in very great favour with the king, removed them out of the sanctuary, whereby they came in danger of the law, and not to be privileged: but likely to have the severity of the law, which was death for death. But the hermit being a holy and devout man, and at the point of death, sent for the Abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen who had wounded him; the Abbot so doing, the gentlemen came, and the hermit being very sick and weak, said unto them, "I am sure to die of those wounds you have given me." The Abbot answered, "They shall as surely die for the same." But the hermit answered, "Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they will be content to be enjoined the

penance I shall lay on them for the safeguard of their souls." The gentlemen being present, bid him save their lives. Then, said the hermit, "You and yours shall hold your lands of the Abbot of Whitby, and his successors in this manner:—That upon Ascension Day, you or some of you shall come to the wood of the Stray Hends, which is in Eskdale-side, the same day at sunrise, and there shall the Abbot's officer blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven stout stowers, and eleven yethers, to be cut by you or some of you, with a knife of one penny price: and you, Ralph de Percy, shall take twenty-one of each sort to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine of the clock, the same day before mentioned; at the same hour of nine of the clock, if it be full sea, your labour and service shall cease: and if low water, each of you shall set your stakes to the brim, each stake one yard from the other, and so yether them on each side with your yethers, and so stake on each side with your stout stowers, that they may stand three tides without removing by the force thereof: each of you shall do, make, and execute the said service and at that very hour, every year except it be full sea at that hour, but when it shall so fall out, this service shall cease. You shall faithfully do this, in remembrance that you did most cruelly slay me, and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent unfeignedly of your sins, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale-side shall blow—Out on you, out on you, out on you, for this heinous crime. If you or your successors shall refuse this service, so long as it shall not be full sea at the aforesaid hour, you or yours shall forfeit your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors. This I entreat and earnestly beg that you may have your lives and goods preserved for this service: and I request of you to promise by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors as is aforesaid requested, and I will confirm it by the faith of an honest man." Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord; and I do as freely forgive these men my death, as Christ forgave the thieves on the cross." And in the presence of the Abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, a vinculis enim mortis redemisti me, Domine veritatis. Amen."* So he yielded up the

* O Lord, into thy hands do I commit my soul, for from the chains of death hast thou redeemed me, O Lord of truth!

Ghost the eighth day of December, Anno Domini, 1159, whose soul God have mercy upon. Amen.

The Public Journals.

ANATOMY OF GAMING.—BY NIMROD.

Race Courses.—To the disgrace of the English police, a regular system of plunder is pursued by the owners of gaming-tables on several of our principal race-courses; and it is not long since a gentleman was plundered at Hampton Court races of 1,700*l.* at *roulette*; as well as a young nobleman, on another course, by false dice, of a still larger sum to a ruffian who could not have paid him as many pence as he paid him pounds. Nearly all the garring-tables taken to races, are either false in themselves, or are played upon with false balls. One proof of this assertion was given me a few days back. When Mr. Roberts, of the Royal Hotel, Calais, was proprietor of the White Horse Inn, Fetter-lane, London, a large deal case, which had arrived from Birmingham by one of his coaches, and remained in his warehouse two years without being claimed, was opened to discover its contents. It was found to contain the frames of six E. O. tables, all of which were unfair ones. They were rendered so by a very simple construction. It merely consisted in the formation of the brass rods which divide the letters E. and O. They all project a little beyond the surface of the circular frame, round which the ball revolves; but by the two which immediately precede the barred E. and the barred O. being a little longer than the rest, the ball, when its rotatory action becomes weak, is imperceptibly arrested by it in its course, and thus falls into the barred letter which wins.

Thimble-Rigging.—as old as the letters of Alciphron—and *pricking the garter*, or belt, alluded to by Shakspeare, still keep their ground, and absolutely beard all authority; as was the case a few years back at Doncaster, when more than a hundred thimble tables were on the ground. Now, giving only two sovereigns to each table as the amount of the day's plunder, it makes a large sum to be taken out of the pockets of the lower orders of persons, who are generally the dupes to this nefarious practice.

The question is often asked, Can, or cannot, public gaming-tables be put down in England? (The word England, would imply that there are none in Ireland and Scotland—a point I cannot decide upon, although I can say I never heard of any in either of those countries.) This question at once leads me to the state of things in France. The first step towards checking gaming, in that country, was the abolition of the state-lotteries, at an annual sacrifice of at least a million

sterling from the profits of them; and it was high time such a step should have been taken, as the odds were greatly against the public. Again, the effects of the repeated recurrence of this excitement to gambling—no less than twenty-five times in each year—was dreadful amongst the poorer classes of society, who, in many cases, were known to deprive themselves and their families of what are called “necessaries,” in order to enable them to purchase a ticket in the lottery, which was to render them independent for life. Neither were there wanting instances of the wildest enthusiasm in the same pursuit among the more enlightened portion of the people,—such as persevering in purchasing certain numbers of which they had chanced to dream, to an extent they could ill afford, and very often to their total ruin. I happen, indeed, to know an extreme instance of this infatuation in the case of an English lady, who remained five years in a French prison, during which time she had more than once the means of releasing herself, but preferred sending the money to the lottery-office. Nor did her fatality end here. Having been at one period of her incarceration, without the means of subsistence, she solicited the advance of ten francs from a friend, who did not refuse her request; but having set a watch over her actions, he ascertained that eight of the ten francs were in the lottery-office in half an hour after she had received them! But it appears that state-lotteries are in as bad odour in other countries as in France and England. A few months back, a philanthropic citizen of Hamburg offered to present five hundred bank-marks to the government of Denmark, provided they would abolish lotteries in the State, in consideration of the distress they occasioned amongst the poor. This view of the case is forcibly illustrated by the fact, that, since the abolition of them in France, the increase of deposits in the savings' banks has been prodigious.*

Still, the abolition of state-lotteries in France was only a preliminary step. The *grand coup* was to follow, and it has followed—the putting down the public gambling-houses in Paris, hitherto licensed by the government, and a source of immense revenue. As may be supposed, there are many to condemn this measure; although it would appear by the transactions which took place on closing the doors of these houses, on the last day of their term, that it met with approbation, and especially by the middling and lower orders of the people. The objections to the measures are these:—People, it is con-

* In the month of January, 1836, when the French lottery ceased, there was paid into the savings' banks of Paris the sum of 2,600,000 francs; which is 525,000 francs more than the amount of the same month of the preceding year. This would give, for the whole year, a surplus of six millions, which might be said to be rescued from the lottery offices.

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tended, will gamble; and private play, the most dangerous of all play (there being no limit to it), will be substituted for that hitherto considered under the surveillance of the police, and, therefore to a certain extent, protected from injustice beyond the chances of the tables. Next, it is maintained that the game of hazard, and other games, having been heretofore illegal in private houses in France, and it having been to the interest of the farmers of the public gaming-establishments that no private hazard, or other gaming-tables, should be resorted to, the grand check to private play will be, to a great degree removed, now that those establishments are closed.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. VOL VI.
[We proceed, from page 173, in our quotations from the "*Gurnal*."]]

Economics.

"I here register my purpose to practise economics. I have little temptation to do otherwise. Abbotsford is all that I can make it, and too large for the property; so I resolve—

"No more building;

"No purchases of land, till times are quite safe;

"No buying books or expensive trifles—I mean to any extent; and

"Clearing off encumbrances, with the returns of this year's labour;

"Which resolutions, with health and my habits of industry, will make me 'sleep in spite of thunder.'

"After all, it is hard that the vagabond stock-jobbing Jews should, for their own purposes, make such a shake of credit as now exists in London, and menace the credit of men trading on sure funds like Hurst and Robinson. It is just like a set of pick-pockets, who raise a mob, in which honest folks are knocked down and plundered, that they may pillage safely in the midst of the confusion they have excited.

[Here is a touching record of affection for one who has since been taken from this sublunary sphere.]

"December 2.—Rather a blank day for the *Gurnal*. Sophia dined with us alone, Lockhart being gone to the west to bid farewell to his father and brothers. Evening spent in talking with Sophia on her future prospects. God bless her, poor girl, she never gave me a moment's reason to complain of her. But, O my God, that poor delicate child, so clever, so animated, yet holding by this earth with so fearfully slight a tenure. Never out of his mother's thoughts, almost never out of his father's arms when he has but a single moment to give to any thing. *Deus providebit*.

[On December 18, when the crisis was fast approaching, Scott writes:]

Half-past eight. I closed this book under the impression of impending ruin. I open it an hour after, (thanks be to God) with the strong hope that matters will be got over safely and honourably, in a mercantile sense. Cadell came at eight to communicate a letter from Hurst and Robinson, intimating that they had stood the storm.

"I shall always think the better of Cadell for this—not merely because his feet are beautiful on the mountains who brings good tidings, but because he showed feeling—deep feeling, poor fellow. He, who I thought had no more than his numeration-table, and who, if he had had his whole counting-house full of sensibility, had yet his wife and children to bestow it upon—I will not forget this, if all keeps right. I love the virtues of rough-and-round men—the other's are apt to escape in salt rheum, sal-volatile, and a white pocket-handkerchief."

Sheridan.

"Mathews assures me that Sheridan was generally very dull in society, and sat sullen and silent, swallowing glass after glass, rather a hinderance than a help. But there was a time when he broke out with a resumption of what had been going on, done with great force, and generally attacking some person in the company, or some opinion which he had expressed. I never saw Sheridan but in large parties. He had a Burdolph countenance, with heavy features, but his eye possessed the most distinguished brilliancy. Mathews says it is very simple in Tom Moore to admire how Sheridan came by the means of paying the price of Drury-lane Theatre, when all the world knows he never paid it at all; and that Lacy, who sold it, was reduced to want by his breach of faith."

[Next is a beautiful record of courage in adversity.]

"January 22.—I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really bad news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted—sat the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well!—There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck; i.e.—If I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Bony may both go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee, and intoxicate the brain another way. In prospect of absolute ruin, I wonder if they would let me leave the Court of Session. I would like methinks to go abroad,

'And lay my bones far from the Tweed.'

But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work doggedly, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was—neither low-spirited nor *distract*. In prosperous times I have sometimes felt my fancy and powers of language flag, but adversity is to me at least a tonic and bracer; the fountain is awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.

"Poor Mr. Pole the harper sent to offer me £.500 or £.600, probably his all. There is much good in the world, after all. But I will involve no friend, either rich or poor. My own right hand shall do it—else will I be *done* in the slang language, and *undone* in common parlance.

"I am glad that, beyond my own family, who are, excepting Lady S., young and able to bear sorrow, of which this is the first taste to some of them, most of the hearts are past aching which would have once been inconceivable on this occasion. I do not mean that many will not seriously regret, and some perhaps lament my misfortunes. But my dear mother, my almost sister, Christy Rutherford, poor Will Erskine; those would have been mourners indeed.

"Well—exertion—exertion. O, Invention, rouse thyself! May man be kind! May God be propitious! The worst is, I never quite know when I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me. Lockhart would be worth gold just now, but he, too, might be too diffident to speak broad out. All my hope is in the continued indulgence of the public. I have a funeral-letter to the burial of the Chevalier Yelin, a foreigner of learning and talent, who has died at the Royal Hotel. He wished to be introduced to me, and was to have read a paper before the Royal Society when this introduction was to have taken place. I was not at the Society that evening, and the poor gentleman was taken ill at the meeting and unable to proceed. He went to his bed and never rose again; and now his funeral will be the first public place I shall appear at. He dead, and I ruined.—This is what you call a meeting."

ALICE; OR, THE MYSTERIES.

[Such is the title of the sequel, or rather the completion, of Mr. Bulwer's last and most brilliantly intellectual novel, *Ernest Maltravers*. Our concluding extracts from the first portion left Lady Vargrave sorrowing in widowhood; Maltravers retired to the Conti-

* Mr. Pole had long attended Sir Walter Scott's daughters as teacher of the harp. To the end, Scott always spoke of his conduct on this occasion as the most affecting circumstance that accompanied his disasters:

nent; and Lumley Ferrers, now Lord Vargrave, appointed to a ministerial post; the reader naturally expecting the interest of the remainder of the work to hinge upon the marriage of the lovely step-child with Lord Vargrave, in conformity with the condition by which the heiress is to acquire her vast fortune. The completion, as we must call the work before us, opens with Lady Vargrave in the congenial seclusion of a cottage in Devonshire, with her daughter Evelyn, a single visiter, Mrs. Leslie, "the Lady Bountiful" in *Ernest Maltravers*, and her friend, Aubrey, the curate of the village. In this retreat, remote, sequestered, shut out from the business and pleasures of the world, the titled lady and her visiter, at the close of a conversation upon the future fortunes of Evelyn, are joined by the object of their solicitude.]

At that instant, a light shadow darkened the sunny lawn in front of the casements, and a sweet, gay, young voice was heard singing at a little distance:—a moment more, and a beautiful girl, in the first bloom of youth, bounded lightly along the grass, and halted opposite the friends.

It was a remarkable contrast—the repose and quiet of the two persons we have described—the age and grey hairs of one—the resigned and melancholy gentleness written on the features of the other—with the springing step, and laughing eyes, and radiant bloom of the new comer! As she stood with the setting sun glowing full upon her rich fair hair, her happy countenance, and elastic form—it was a vision almost too bright for this weary earth—a thing of light and bliss—that the joyous Greek might have placed among the forms of Heaven, and worshipped as an Aurora or a Hebe.

"Oh, how can you stay in-doors this beautiful evening? Come, dearest Mrs. Leslie; come, mother, dear mother, you know you promised you would—you said I was to call you—see, it won't rain any more, and the shower has left the myrtles and the violet-bank so fresh."

"My dear Evelyn," said Mrs. Leslie, with a smile, "I am not so young as you."

"No—but you are just as gay when you are in good spirits—and who can be out of spirits in such weather? Let me call for your chair; let me wheel you—I am sure I can.—Down, Sultan: so you have found me out, have you sir? Be quiet, sir—down!"

This last exhortation was addressed to a splendid dog of the Newfoundland breed, who now contrived wholly to occupy Evelyn's attention.

The two friends looked at this beautiful girl, as with all the grace of youth she shared while she rebuked the exuberant hilarity of her huge playmate; and the

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older of the two seemed the most to sympathize with her mirth. Both gazed with fond affection upon an object dear to both. But some memory or association touched Lady Vargrave, and she sighed as she gazed.

[The first incident to break the evenness of this nook of quiet is a passing visit from Mrs. Leslie's daughter, a Mrs. Merton and her daughter Caroline, a lively, handsome, intelligent girl, on their road home to the rectory in B—shire. The visitors arrive, and Caroline and Evelyn are enchanted with each other; and the coquetry of the one is thus contrasted with the simplicity of the other.]

Caroline and Evelyn, as was natural, became great friends. They were not kindred to each other in disposition, but they were thrown together; and friendship was thus forced upon both. Unsuspecting and sanguine, it was natural to Evelyn to admire; and Caroline was, to her inexperience, a brilliant and imposing novelty. Sometimes Miss Merton's worldliness of thought shocked Evelyn; but then Caroline had a way with her, as if she were not in earnest—as if she were merely indulging an inclination towards irony; nor was she without a certain vein of sentiment that persons a little backeyed in the world, and young ladies a little disappointed that they are not wives instead of maids, easily acquire. Trite as this vein of sentiment was, poor Evelyn thought it beautiful and most feeling. Then Caroline was clever, entertaining, cordial, with all that superficial superiority that a girl of twenty-three, who knows London, readily carries over a country girl of seventeen. On the other hand, Caroline was kind and affectionate towards her. The clergyman's daughter felt that she could not be always superior even in fashion to the wealthy heiress.

[A return visit is proposed by Mrs. Merton and Mrs. Leslie; but, scarcely has it been accepted, when Lord Vargrave arrives at the cottage, on his periodical sojourn. This is a golden opportunity which the suitor peer does not lose; but his pathos fails. He entertains the projected visit at first but coldly, till policy wins his consent. Here is a touching scene of the widowed mother and her daughter, the night before their first separation.]

It was past midnight—hosts and guests had retired to repose—when Lady Vargrave's door opened gently. The Lady herself was kneeling at the foot of her bed; the moonlight came through the half-drawn curtains of the casement; and by its ray her pale, calm features looked paler, and yet more hushed.

Evelyn, for she was the intruder, paused at the threshold, till her mother rose from her devotions, and then she threw herself on Lady Vargrave's breast, sobbing as if her heart would break—hers were the wild, ge-

nerous, irresistible emotions of youth. Lady Vargrave, perhaps, had known them once; at least she could sympathize with them now.

She strained her child to her bosom—she stroked back her hair, and kissed her fondly, and spoke to her soothingly.

"Mother," sobbed Evelyn, "I could not sleep—I could not rest. Bless me again—kiss me again;—tell me that you love me—you cannot love me as I do you;—but tell me that I am dear to you—tell me you will regret me—but not too much—tell me"—here Evelyn paused, and could say no more.

"My best, my kindest Evelyn," said Lady Vargrave, "there is nothing on earth I love like you—Do not fancy I am ungrateful."

"Why do you say ungrateful?—your own child—your only child!"—and Evelyn covered her mother's face and hands with passionate tears and kisses.

At that moment, certain it is that Lady Vargrave's heart reproached her with not having, indeed, loved this sweet girl as she deserved. True, no mother was more mild, more attentive, more fostering, more anxious for a daughter's welfare;—but Evelyn was right!—the gushing fondness, the mysterious entering into every subtle thought and feeling, which should have characterised the love of such a mother to such a child, had been to outward appearance wanting. Even in this present parting, there had been a prudence, an exercise of reasoning, that savoured more of duty than love. Lady Vargrave felt all this with remorse—she gave way to emotions new to her—at least to exhibit—she wept with Evelyn, and returned her caresses with almost equal fervour. Perhaps, too, she thought at that moment of what love that warm nature was susceptible; and she trembled for her future fate. It was as a full reconciliation—that mournful hour—between feelings on either side, which something mysterious seemed to have checked before:—and that last night the mother and the child did not separate—the same couch contained them; and when worn out with some emotions which she could not reveal, Lady Vargrave fell into the sleep of exhaustion, Evelyn's arm was round her, and Evelyn's eyes watched her with pious and anxious love, as the grey morning dawned.

She left her mother, still sleeping, when the sun rose, and went silently down into the dear room below, and again busied herself in a thousand little provident cares, which she wondered she had forgot before. Lady Vargrave's habits were so dependent on Evelyn in all the small household matters, which are so necessary to comfort, yet so wearisome to those who have contracted the morbid custom of reverie and thought.

[A few pages onward is this exquisite chapter of hopes and fears.]

Beauty, thou art twice blessed! thou bless-

proprietor so near his house. He could hear my uncle's gun from his very drawing-room. However, Sir John takes care not to molest him. On the other side, the Burleigh estates extend for some miles; indeed, Mr. Maltravers is the next great proprietor to my uncle, in this part of the country. Very strange that he does not marry! There, now you can see the house."

The mansion lay somewhat low, with hanging woods in the rear; and the old-fashioned fish-ponds gleaming in the sunshine, and overshadowed by gigantic trees, increased the venerable stillness of its aspect. Ivy and innumerable creepers covered one side of the house; and long weeds cumbered the deserted road.

"It is sadly neglected," said Caroline,—"and was so even in the last owner's life. Mr. Maltravers inherits the place from his mother's uncle. We may as well enter the house by the private way. The front entrance is kept locked up."

Winding by a path that conducted into a flower-garden, divided from the park by a ha-ha, over which a plank, and a small gate running off its hinges, were placed, Caroline led the way towards the building. At this point of view it presented a large bay-window, that, by a flight of four steps, led into the garden. On one side rose a square, narrow turret, surmounted by a gilt dome and quaint weathercock—below the architrave of which was a sun-dial, set in the stone-work—and another dial stood in the garden, with the common and beautiful motto—

"Non numero horas, nisi serenas!"

On the other side of the bay-window, a huge buttress cast its mass of shadow. There was something in the appearance of the whole place that invited to contemplation and repose—something almost monastic. The gaiety of the teeming spring-time could not divest the spot of a certain sadness, not displeasing, however, whether to the young, to whom there is a luxury in the vague sentiment of melancholy, or to those who, having known real griefs, seek for an anodyne in meditation and memory. The low lead-coloured door, set deep in the turret, was locked and the bell beside it broken. Caroline turned impatiently away—"We must go round to the other side," said she, "and try to make the deaf old man hear us."

(To be continued in our next.)

The Gatherer.

Bonaparte.—We copy the following from the "Ceylon Chronicle." We do recollect having heard the story before, and yet the editor of that excellent Journal vouches for its truth.—*Ed. Literary Gazette.*

The genuineness of the following state-

ment may be depended upon. Sergeant Abraham Millington's memorandum concerning the demise of General Bonaparte. "On Sunday, the 6th of May, 1821, I was sent for, while attending divine service, to make a tin coffin for General Napoleon Bonaparte. On Monday, the 7th, I was ordered to attend at Longwood House for the purpose of soldering up the body of General Bonaparte in the tin coffin, which was performed in the following manner, in presence of Generals Bertrand and Montholon, Madame Bertrand, the French chaplain, the French surgeon, Mr. A. Darling, Dr. Rushop, H.M. 20th regiment of foot, several of the French domestics, and Samuel Ley, private in the 20th regiment. The body of the late General N. Bonaparte, in full dress, was deposited in a tin coffin, which was lined with white silk and cotton. His cocked hat was laid across his thighs, and on the left breast of his coat was a gold star and cross, and several other medals of the same metal, several pieces of coin, of various sizes and different value, were also put into the coffin. His heart was deposited in a silver urn or tureen filled with spirits, to which I soldered a lid or cover of the same material, which was placed between the small parts of his legs. His stomach was deposited in a silver mug in which there was spirits which was also put in the coffin. A silver plate, knife, fork, and spoon, and a silver service cup, were also deposited in the coffin. Previously to placing the body of the general in the coffin, the tin lid of the coffin being lined with white silk and stuffed with cotton, it was put in its place, and I soldered it on the coffin, inclosing the late General Napoleon Bonaparte and all the above-mentioned articles. This tin coffin with its contents, was then inclosed in a mahogany coffin, and they were inclosed in a lead coffin, and all were afterwards inclosed in a mahogany coffin, which made in all four coffins."

ABRAHAM MILLINGTON,
Serg. St. Helena Artillery.

There is something more than interesting in these simple details of the last obsequies of one of the greatest "Existences," as Baron Denon used to call Napoleon, that have ever appeared upon earth. Let the day be contrasted when he wedded the daughter of the proud house of Austria, and when half the monarchs of Europe were his vassals with the record of this final scene, when the artillery sergeant saw "all the coffins inclosed in a mahogany coffin," and observed with a simplicity worthy of Corporal Trim, "which made in all four coffins!"

"Nor till thy fate could mortals guess,
Ambition's less than littleness."—

Byron's Ode to Napoleon.

Spanish Diligences, says a recent traveller, are the best in the world; they are extremely

commodious, well cushioned, and well hung, and are admirably contrived for the exclusion of both heat and cold. They have a coupé, like the French diligences, which is, in all respects, as good as a post-chaise; and generally they have no rotonde; they are drawn by seven, eight, or nine mules, according to the nature of the road, travel at the rate of seven miles an hour, and are very punctual as to the time of departure and arrival. The conductors are remarkably civil; and in every arrangement that can conduce to the comfort of the passengers there is no cause for complaint. When a passenger secures his seat, he receives a paper from the bureau, specifying the precise place he is to occupy; and when he delivers his baggage, he is presented with a receipt for the articles delivered, and for which the proprietors are responsible: the prices of places vary greatly. W. G. C.

The Great American Desert.—Along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri and Mississippi, lies an immense tract, stretching north and south for hundreds of miles, resembling one of the immeasurable steppes of Asia. This region, (says Washington Irving,) spreads forth into undulating and treeless plains, and desolate sandy wastes, wearisome to the eye from their extent and monotony, and which are supposed by geologists to have formed the ancient floor of the ocean, countless ages since, when its primeval waves beat against the granite bases of the Rocky Mountains. It is a land where no man permanently abides; for, in certain seasons of the year, there is no provision for either the hunter or his steed: the herbage is parched and withered; the brooks and streams are dried up; the buffalo, the elk, and the deer, have wandered to distant parts, keeping within the verge of expiring verdure, and leaving behind them a vast uninhabited solitude, seamed by ravines, the beds of former torrents. The monotony of this vast wilderness is occasionally interrupted by mountainous belts of sand and limestone, broken into confused masses, with precipitous cliffs and yawning ravines; or traversed by lofty and barren ridges of rock, almost impassable, like those denominated the Black Hills: beyond these rise the stern barriers of the Rocky Mountains. The rugged defiles and deep valleys of this vast chain, form sheltering places for restless and ferocious bands of savages, many of them the remnants of tribes that once inhabited the prairies.—W. G. C.

Mathews misguided.—During the Irish question, Mathews was a constant attendant at the House of Commons; he took his station under the gallery, by permission of the speaker. These debates being frequently carried on to a late hour, his friend, Mr. Parratt, of Millbank, gave him a bed at his house. One night, on his way to Mill-

bank, having got half-way home, he was from fatigue, arising from his lameness, compelled to rest against a post. Every body knows that Mathews had many antipathies, such as one year hating mutton, and eating nothing but beef, and the next disliking beef, and eating nothing but mutton. Amongst other things he had a great dislike to the jingling of keys, or the rattling of money in another person's pocket. On the present occasion he had partially recovered himself, and was hesitating whether it were better to proceed or to return, that is, to return to the coach-stand in Palace-yard, or go to Mr. Parratt's, when he heard a sound like the rattling of keys close to him, and turning round to see whence it came, he beheld a tall man, with a great coat reaching down to his heels, who civilly inquired if he was ill, and whether he could afford him any assistance. Mathews told him where he was going, and that he was lame; the stranger offered him his arm, which he accepted. They had not proceeded many yards, when the same jingling noise again arrested his attention, which his new friend perceiving, advised a slower pace, which being adopted, the unwelcome sound ceased, and they got on remarkably well, till they arrived at the Horseferry-road. The moment they came in sight of the Thames, up went his conductor's arm suddenly and violently, and the legs again rattled; they were then immediately under an immense gas lamp of a gin-palace, and Mathews looked down to see where the noise came from, his new friend's coat having flown open, he saw—oh! horror!—apparages to his legs that clearly proved he had just broken out of prison. Expecting he should be murdered, and that the raising of his hand was a signal for assistance, spite of his lameness, Mathews took to his heels, and ran every step of the way till he reached his friend's door, never venturing to look back, until the use he had made of his friend's knocker had not only roused the inmates, but half the neighbourhood; then looking towards the water, he saw his fettered acquaintance limp into a boat and row off with all possible celerity.—*New M. Mag.*

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